

Evening Public Ledger

PUBLIC LEDGER COMPANY
CHAS. H. LUDLOW, Vice President, John C. ...
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Published daily at Public Ledger Building, Independence Building, 201 North Second Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
Subscription Terms:
In Advance: \$1.00 per month, \$10.00 per year.
Retail: 5 cents per copy.

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Philadelphia, Thursday, January 15, 1920

NO TRUCE
RECRIMINATION, photographs of dirty streets and other exposures, said Freeland Kendrick, in discussing his effort to establish harmony between the administration and the Vares, "do nobody any good."

Mr. Kendrick's approach, in this instance, was mainly, it had the rare quality of complete frankness. It is hard to criticize a man who sticks to his friends through thick and thin. But exposure of wrong is the first step toward right.

The streets are being cleaned. The health of the community is of greater importance than the fortunes or misfortunes of a political faction.

Mr. Moore, therefore, was justified in refusing a truce if a truce meant compromise. A man who insists on being loyal to his political friends does no mean thing.

But a man who insists on being loyal to the community that he represents does something that is at once more difficult and more admirable.

WESCOTT'S APPOINTMENT
IN APPOINTING Harry D. Wescott to fill a vacancy on the Board of Registration Commissioners, Governor Sproul recognizes the very much minority party in this city.

Mr. Wescott is an able young man and should occupy his not exceedingly arduous new post with credit. Fortunately, his political affiliations have not personally entangled him with that wing of alleged Democrats here which regularly played the game of the Republican organization.

To identify Mr. Wescott further, it may be recalled that he enjoyed the honor of running against J. Hampton Moore for Mayor, conducting his campaign with clean, manly methods, both on the stump and off.

POLICE MOTORS NEEDED
THIEVES have been quicker than the police to understand the possibilities of the automobile. That simple fact explains the ease with which raids such as that at Sixtieth and Master streets are carried out.

To deal with the newest of complications the police have only the method and system of twenty years ago. The audacity of the yeggmen in recent instances suggests that the business of touch-and-go robbery is not casual, but highly organized. What the police need is means to meet the modern thief on even terms.

Somebody will have to find a way to apply motors more extensively to the uses of the department. Meanwhile, better marksmanship in the service, the enforcement of motor regulations devised to make the identification of automobiles easy and the merciless treatment of the first bandit caught will tend to keep motor thieves in check.

NEW NEED FOR UPLIFT
IN ITS current appeal to the business interests of the state the Philadelphia Chamber of Commerce deplores the fact that many aliens in American industry have no time to learn the English language. There is wisdom in the suggestion that employers do all that is possible to aid their foreign-born workers toward a better understanding of our aims and our government.

The appeal is timely. In the steel industry the majority of workers are foreign-born. Many of them work twelve hours a day. Naturally they continue as strangers in a strange land, since they have neither the time nor the inclination to attend night schools. Americanization thus is a pretty difficult business.

Yet Americanization is necessary. And while we are about it, and in the light of recent experience, it may be proper to ask whether it isn't needed at the top occasionally, as well as at the bottom.

Who, for example, will volunteer to Americanize men like Mr. Burleson, Mr. Palmer and the majority in the New York Assembly?

OUT OF THE SCAPA FLOW SNARL
WITH the worst and most dishonorable of intentions, the Germans sunk a prickly international problem when they scuttled their fleet at Scapa Flow. Although heartily contemptuous of the Teutonic treachery, there were unquestionably many Americans who hailed the disappearance of the warships with relief.

The parceling out of the vessels among the allied nations would almost certainly have occasioned jealousies and would have spurred interest in increased naval armaments. It is an open secret that this government favored the sinking of the ships by order of the supreme council.

Had the fleet continued in existence, however, the chances of a ruling to that effect would have been slim. Our late allies have demanded compensation for the destruction in the form of 400,000 tons of German floating docks, cranes and other material. The 2 per cent share of the spoils proffered to the

United States has been rejected by the government.

This renunciation is a high-minded and thoroughly commendable act. It is an index of what our best sentiments would have been if the fleet had remained intact. Under an assumption of such an attitude but under those conditions might have been difficult and open to misconception.

Today we are enabled to put our principles in force without offending our former partners in the war, and they themselves are unable to augment their naval strength by a rake-off from Scapa Flow.

It is seldom that idealism can be so concretely practical without provoking the imputation of hypocrisy. Americans who remember the lofty reasons alleged for our entry into the war have occasion in this instance to be proud of the consistency of their nation.

EVILS THAT ALL ADMIT BUT NO ONE HAS YET CURED
Scandals of the State Charity Fund Administration Considered by the Constitutional Revisers

BEFORE the constitutional revision commission finishes its work the present system of state aid for private charities will have a wholesome and needed airing.

About one-fifth of the revenues of the state are appropriated to public, semi-public and private charities. It has been charged that there are private charities organized and maintained for the sole purpose of getting state money. If the treasury could not be tapped in their behalf it is said that they would not exist at all.

Various members of the General Assembly have their pet charities. Every two years they seek an appropriation.

The passage of the appropriation bill is uniformly held up till the end of the session and each member with a pet charity carries himself circumspectly lest the powers in control should deny to him the money that he seeks.

The appropriation bill is a club held over the heads of the legislators. Their complacency is bought by the prospect of a share in the public funds for their local institutions.

This is the political side of the matter. An incidental and subsidiary abuse arises out of the habit of the legislators, after it has been decided what institutions are to be taken care of, to dicker with one another about the amount to be set apart for each institution. The appropriations are not made on any recognized system, though there may be some pretense of an equitable apportionment. In practice the most expert log-roller gets the most money.

This is the efficiency side of the matter. Two propositions are before the revision commission, each of which is intended to cure the abuses.

George Wharton Pepper has suggested that the charitable appropriation be made in a lump sum instead of in specific amounts to specific institutions and that a standard of service be fixed by which the desert of the different institutions is to be measured. Then an administrative authority would apportion the fund among the institutions qualifying according to the standard in proportion to the service rendered. Every institution in the state which did not confine its benefits to adherents of a particular sect would be eligible to participate in the fund according to the Pepper plan.

Judge James Gay Gordon, however, is opposed to the appropriation of state funds to private institutions, and he has proposed that after 1927 no money shall be appropriated save to institutions under the complete control of the state. He would not cut off the money at once, but would give the private institutions several years to adjust themselves to the impending change. He is persuaded that the legitimate charities would not suffer for the reason that those who now contribute to their support would continue their contributions and would enlarge them. In fact, he is inclined to the belief that the rich would become more generous than they have been in the past for the reason that every dollar given to charity reduces the amount of their income subject to taxation. But if the private charities had to go out of business when state funds were cut off they would be proved really not private charities, in the opinion of Judge Gordon, but public charities, supported by public funds and managed by private individuals under no public control.

No conclusion has yet been reached by the revision commission. It has thus far done nothing more than develop the anomalies in the present practice and admit that there are grave abuses. But this was admitted long ago. For various well-understood reasons no serious attempt has been made to better the conditions. They can be bettered under the present constitution whenever the General Assembly is so disposed.

Certain members of the revision commission, however, seem to wish to lay down hard and fast rules in the constitution itself, which shall bind the Legislature. They do not seem to be able to get away from the theory that the constitution should contain a large body of bylaws framed in distrust of the honesty and efficiency of the legislators. It must be admitted that there is some justification for their position, in view of the way the Legislature has exercised its discretion in the past.

There are merits in both the Pepper and the Gordon plans. Theoretically, the Gordon plan is admirable. There can be no disputing the soundness of the general proposition that public money should be spent only by public officials and for public purposes only. Grants to purely private institutions are indefensible.

The so-called private charities, however, insist that they are engaged in supplementing the proper work of the state in caring for the sick and the indigent. The state does not provide adequate facilities and private charity intervenes in the interest of humanity. It is argued, and plausibly, too, that these private institutions which do the work which the state neglects should be compensated by the state.

The Pepper plan provides for their compensation by a system which would eliminate favoritism and apportion the funds with some degree of equity. A very good case can be made out for it.

but no better case than can be made for the Gordon plan.

The question cannot be argued in vacuo, however. The state is confronted by existing conditions. They must be considered and some way must be found to end the scandals that biennially accompany the passage of the charity appropriation bill without destroying the efficiency of the work of caring for the sick and indigent wherever they may be.

MANHATTAN IN SECOND PLACE
THE reports from the new census-takers and other sources that Brooklyn has outstripped insular New York in population tell a familiar story of municipal development.

The "city" of London is today almost without permanent inhabitants. It is a business center, deserted at nightfall. Some of the large towns of France lie immediately contiguous to the fortifications of the official civic entity of Paris.

The drive toward the suburbs is irresistible in Philadelphia, although the magnitude of our city-county area renders it unlikely any outlying residential neighbor in this "district" will soon surpass us in inhabitants.

Nevertheless the prospect of the Delaware bridge inspires curious thoughts. Brooklyn, butt of the musical-comedy clown and conventional jokesmith, grew prodigiously when the great work of Roebbing and his followers obviated the necessity of ferry transit. Residents of Camden are perhaps pondering the demolition of Manhattan with a peculiar interest.

BARTERERS IN THE TEMPLE?
PROPAGANDA and the mysterious thing known as "pressure" organized by paid lobbies at Washington often assume disagreeable and even odious forms. But no news from congressional committee rooms could be so certain to inspire general disgust and loathing for the whole scheme of subterranean intrigue at Washington as the report that cliques representing underwriters are furiously agitating for the wholesale transfer of the bodies of American soldiers from France to the United States.

Is it conceivable that there are in America business men so hard up or so driven by a lust for easy money that they are willing to exploit the grief of parents who contributed so heavily to the cause of patriotism, and actually traffic in the bodies of young men whose very memory is a sacred thing?

Senator Thomas, of Colorado, has intimated broadly that such men exist and, according to the dispatches, evidence indicating an organized propaganda in their behalf will be laid before an investigating committee within a few days. Such evidence, if convincing, would touch national consciousness in a sensitive place, and all that would be needed to pillory such base profiteers would be the publication of their names.

The War Department has encouraged the transfer of soldiers' bodies only in exceptional instances. Remains disinterred in French war cemeteries cannot always be certainly identified—a fact which unscrupulous agitators have ignored or hidden in the course of their campaign. The government has held that it is more seemly to leave these men of ours in the land for which they died, where their graves will be honored and tended by a grateful people for all time.

It has been suggested, too, that all the bodies of the American dead be brought to this country and interred in a national cemetery. If they are left in France they will be assembled in ground set apart under the joint care of the French and American governments.

Whatever is done should be done honorably and cleanly. The final decisions should be inspired solely by honor for these soldiers and by pride and gratitude. To goad parents in a search for lost sons who cannot be identified and to involve the general question in a get-rich-quick scheme is to affront the nation and debase and demean the sentiment of patriotism as it has never before been debased and demeaned in the United States.

Congressman Vore is as busy as a street-cleaner. No sooner does he get through agitating for pneumatic mail tubes than he takes up the matter of surplus material at Hog Island, which he thinks ought to be removed to the navy yard. And he is very likely quite right about it.

They are alleging in Kansas that the establishment of an industrial court will spell disaster. These political economists have not successfully conned their letters. They have forgotten the cold spell they had during the coal strike.

Now that Oregon has stepped into line, ratification of the amendment by eleven more states will give women the suffrage. Fate's rattling of the dice is all in women's favor nowadays.

A Boston woman who has been investigating congressmen alleges that congressmen chew gum. At the risk of appearing low, not to say vulgar, we venture the opinion that they are then less harmful than when they chew the rag.

The steamship Atalia has just sailed for France with 224,000 bags of refined sugar. What a nice profit retailer would have made if they had been allowed to sell it here!

Old Uncle Washington Adams explains it thusly: They're some as thinks they're candidates what isn't and some what isn't.

The fact that Assemblyman McCue, former prize-fighter, has looked upon him with suspicion for years, will doubtless cause former Supreme Court Justice Hughes many sleepless nights.

Whatever may be said of automobile headlights, the police are seeing to it that local red lights are being dimmed.

Truth insisteth on details, and whose shall cross her with hasty words repenteth early.

There is something very alluring about the subject of sugar. It is so refined!

THE GOWNSMAN

"An Allen Enemy"

IT WAS an inspiring spectacle, that of the other evening, which was only the repetition of that of the previous afternoon, when Mr. Kreisler, constructively still "an alien enemy," stood before an American audience to receive an ovation which even our new-grown enthusiasm for music in Philadelphia has scarcely ever equaled. As an artist none will deny that Mr. Kreisler deserved it; never did soul and spirit, so completely supported by virtuosity in its perfection, combine in a happy result. And a man, too, dignified and courteous, those who know Mr. Kreisler cannot but rejoice in this deserved reversal of the treatment which he has received, to our shame as Americans, in some outlying regions of provincial spirit as well as geography.

IT HAPPENED to be the privilege of the Gownsmen, some months before we declared war on Germany, to lunch at the table of a kinsman in New York in company with both Mr. Kreisler and Mr. Padewski. Mr. Kreisler, as in honor bound, had already served his country on the eastern front against the Russians; and, wounded, having been ridden down by a Cossack, had been honorably discharged from the Austrian service. Mr. Padewski had, then, as ever, "Poland engraved on his heart; he was then, as he had always been, pro-illy and intensely anti-Teutonic. The party was a small one and the conversation was general; but all were eager to see this meeting of two men of distinction, united in their great art however sundered by the disturbing exigencies that in the conduct and the fate of princes. Did they talk about the war? Yes, frankly and without rancor. Did they discuss its politics and its "glory"? Of these, not a word. Did they argue and take sides? No; they were in agreement in their sorrow and detestation of the whole wretched case of Mr. Padewski spoke with regret of a young forest, which he had in part replanted years ago, now reduced "to matchsticks" by efficient modern artillery. Mr. Kreisler replied in a similar tone; his precise words were lost to the Gownsmen in the irrelevancy of some of the chatter which broke out nearer him. But the tone was unmistakable.

THE Gownsmen wonders whether the good and patriotic folk who wrote letters to the papers on the question of German music and other Kreislerian—if the shade of Jean Paul and of Schumann will forgive such a use of words—the Gownsmen wonders if such have happened to have read Mr. Kreisler's little book of a few years ago which told the simple story of a musician's experiences in war. The Gownsmen has not the volume by him, but he remembers, for he read it, that it contains nothing about the murder at Sarajevo nor of the machinations of Vienna or Berlin. The trained musician's ear was interested in the quality of tone produced by projectiles in their passage through the air, with a curiously impersonal detachment. But there is one episode which remains vividly in memory. If approximately recalled as to detail, it runs somewhat thus: The Austrian and Russian trenches lay quite close in one of those long periods of deadlock. And, to the amazement of all, a handkerchief on a stick was reared over the Russian trenches. A parley was arranged and the Russians were asked if they wanted to surrender. "No, we won't surrender, but—the fact is that this detachment of us is starving." Then a very unwarlike proceeding ensued. The Austrians, in much the same plight themselves, went over the top and divided their own scanty stock of rations with their perishing enemies, fraternizing with them in a manner scandalous and most reprehensible.

THE Gownsmen has not followed circumstantially the difficulties which he understands that Mr. Kreisler has had to encounter in the provincial parts of patriotic America. A sense of shame has deterred him. To turn over the toothsome particulars would be like reading scandal about a maiden aunt—perhaps better in this case, about one's country cousins; and in the face of the world and its needs our pulsating party-playing politicians are giving honest Americans a great deal to be ashamed of at this moment. But whatever may have been the tactlessness of some of those about him, the heart of this great and loyal citizen must not be discarded Hapsburgs and Hohenzollerns, and we ought, as lovers of the arts, to rejoice alike that when called on he did his duty to his country, as we to ours, and that the musical projectiles of the Russians spared to touch a finger of the precious human mechanism whereby his act is made eloquent to all.

THE war is over, despite the fact that one little boy cannot be induced "to nut his tin soldier" back into the box and that another grandmother says that her must not agree to anything that any other little boy wants, no matter what happens and even if he did help whip the big bully. But there are no politics in art, and even nationality at times may be a limitation upon it. When the Gownsmen is in a clear improvement on "Richard the Third," archeologically, meticulously and protractedly noted in Germany, an enthusiastic professor of Leipzig said to him: "Now, come, confess it. Isn't it undeniable that Shakespeare could not possibly be better done? Even the translation into one noble German is a clear improvement on the original." The Gownsmen could only say, "Yes, for Germans." Great music is in no such peril, for its language knows no nation, however ill some of us speak it. A certain old Greek, from whom the ages have stolen some 90 per cent of their wisdom, once declared music to be the most trustworthy narrative—by which he meant, the Gownsmen takes it, the most accurately and emotionally reflective or mirroring—of all the arts. And this is veritably the truth, for the voice of music, like that of seraphim, is above all distinctions of tongue, race or parish.

The fact that a former Republican governor of New York will appear before a Republican committee to plead for five Socialists against the action of a Republican majority in the New York Assembly is another proof that common sense is more important than party politics.

Eight thousand American troops are seen to retreat from Siberia. Perhaps some of them will be able to enlighten the country as to why they were sent there.

As yet no injunction has been sought to restrain the birds from singing on Sunday in Fairmount Park.

Desk Motto for Labor Leaders—The country that is worth fighting for is worth working for.

The one objection to a national referendum on the peace treaty is that it is too far off.

Germany for some time to come will have to choose diplomats with ability to speak softly.

The Demon Rum will pull in his horns tomorrow night.

The Ratification course appears to be popular in all the colleges.

Article Ten is still Article Ea.



THE CHAFFING DISH

Meditations in Port By William McFee

(Special Correspondent of the Chaffing Dish) Nutley, N. J., Jan. 13.

I AM awfully busy, you know, all the time I am in New York, and I don't get about much. I am confined principally to lower New York. We discharge at Pier 15 in the East river, under the shadow of the Brooklyn bridge, and there is a very real pleasure, after the toil of coming up-river, of shutting down and paying off, in soothing gasp up Maiden lane, cutting briskly through the surging tide of home-going stenographers which pours along Nassau street, darting across Broadway at the risk of one's life in front of those stenographers' employers' cars and diving into the Hudson tunnels for Jersey City and home. No one who has not served on ships going to places like Glasgow and Cardiff and London, where one may be miles and miles from the heart of the city, can understand the blessed privilege of docking within a stone's throw of the City Hall. One of the miseries of sea life is the horrible messiness and dingy surroundings of the average port, where one has to wander up and down freight-cluttered quays, wading through the rush of the subway express. Here in South street the H. C. L. seems to have forgotten to touch the linoleum. Here one can get a meal for thirty cents, a pair of boots for eight dollars and a cigar for a nickel. As I stand at the counter and wait for ham and roll and butter, coffee and wedge of pie, all extremely good and wholesome, I wonder whether above Forty-second street is such a fine place after all. I wonder whether when I settle down and get married I shall follow B's example and take an apartment over in Brooklyn at twenty-five a month and live in a dream of golden oak and hot air, with a spin up Fourth avenue on summer evenings in my Bliver in my shirt-sleeves. And so to bed—or to sea, as the case may be, coming back fatigued to the bracing air of Ninth street, carrying a bag of sugar over my shoulder, which I bought in Costa Rica at eleven cents a pound, and a banana for the baby. Do babies eat bananas? I forget. Let it pass. This is my dream, you know.

By and bye a fine hot beach is apparent. Very savory indeed, and we toss in a large amount of salt and pepper, ever and anon passing our face through the ascending steam to determine how the calories are faring.

The problem now is how to thicken the liquid, for we like a soup to have a certain body and substance. This task we have never successfully solved. We have a vague idea that either flour or cornstarch will do the trick, but we generally find that they congregate into tough lumps or else the whole mass suddenly turns into paste and corner of the pillow and left there wrapped up in the Sunday paper.

This is where our new idea of making our fortune comes in. There is something queer that goes on in our inkwell. We don't know just what it is, some chemical stunt that is beyond our grasp, but in our desk a well of perfectly clean fluid ink turns overnight into a kind of chowder. About once a week we implore Phyllis to take it out and give it a good washing, and she does so; she fills it for us and we start off gayly. But in one evening the ink has turned again into that viscid and curious sort of gelatinous, which comes out in lovely clinging globes hanging on the end of the pen. Our ink takes on, almost as soon as it gets in our inkwell, exactly the thickness and consistency that we love in a soup. You begin to see what we are driving at.

The reason for our ink acting that way we do not know. The lady who has charge of the condiments when we draw our writing fluid says she thinks it is the tobacco dust in our desk. One of our colleagues, a man the herculean by their eggs in our inkwell at night. But whatever it is, we are having our inkwell analyzed, and we shall then put the sediment on the market in the form of a powder, which you will see advertised everywhere as "Socrates' Soup Thickener, and when (as we say) our fortune will be only a matter of adding six ciphers at the business end of our bank account.

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz
1. Louis Napoleon was the only president of the second French republic, which was established in 1848.
2. Sir William Blackstone, author of the famous commentaries on English law, lived in the eighteenth century.
3. The three fates were Atropos, Clotho and Lachesis.
4. The red flag under the Roman empire signified war.
5. Easter Sunday falls on April 4.
6. Hyslop is a small bushy aromatic herb, formerly used medicinally. Its twigs were used in Jewish rites.
7. James G. Blaine was secretary of state for most of the administration of Benjamin Harrison.
8. The word "quattrocento" is used to describe the fifteenth century as a period in Italian art.
9. The ex-emperor Karl of Austria-Hungary is now living in Switzerland.
10. The word ketchup is a corruption of the Japanese word "kajipap," a condiment somewhat resembling soy sauce.

JES' TIRED

I AM sick of the sight of a newspaper page where the pictures are weird and unpleasant.

Where the jokes are at least Methusalem's age. And the news is flat, stale and ascescent. All the world is as flat as a scullery cat. And its folks don't know how to behave. It may go to the devil! I'm tired of its drive! And I'll go and hang out in a cave!

Oh, give me a spot where Dame Nature writes books. And where proofreader Time doesn't stint her. Where the only newspapers are read in the brooks. And the sun is his own color printer. Where a guy may be glad At the times he has had Since no galley may call him a slave. So I'll sing a galsonna With Dan Gloriana And hic me right off to a cave!

And when I get there I am bound to admit I may grow all my rustic position. The beauties of nature won't please me a bit. And I'll sigh for the latest edition. Of the office of the noise. Of the hard-biting world that I crave! I will stick up for Nature— The swatte little creature!— And then, while I'm sticking, I'll cove! D. McGINNIS.

The promptness with which response is made whenever there is a call for fresh blood for transfusion is proof that Courage and Kindness are neither dead nor dying.

What Do You Know?

QUIZ

- 1. What are the three largest states of Germany?
2. Into how many articles is the league-of-nations covenant divided?
3. What nations were allied against Turkey in the first Italian War of 1912-13?
4. What is the meaning of the diplomatic phrase "fait accompli"?
5. How should it be pronounced?
6. In the reign of what king of France did Cardinal Richelieu live?
7. What statesman in American history was known as "Old Public Functionary"?
8. How many wives should a sonnet contain?
9. Who ran against Abraham Lincoln in his second campaign for the presidency?
10. Who is the loftiest active volcano in the world?

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